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DR. J. C. REEVE

1826—1920

Greene Co. Room B Reeve
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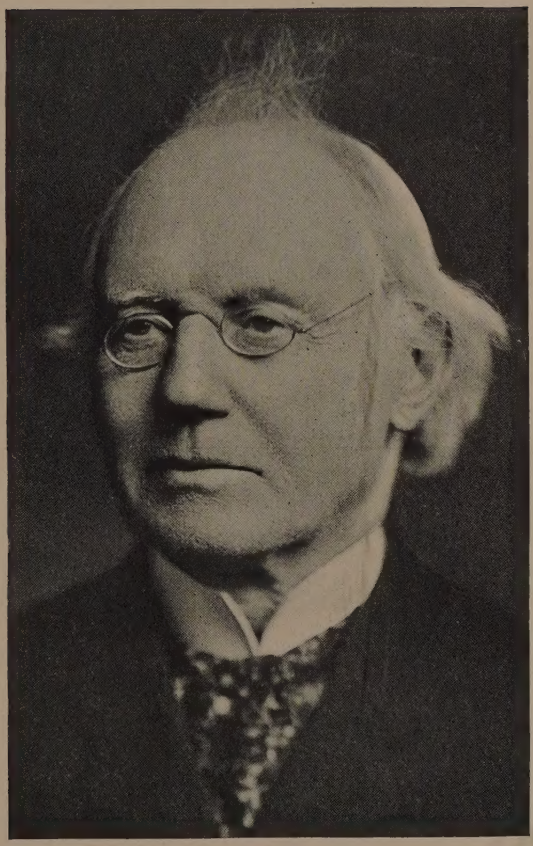
Conover, Charlotte Reeve.
Dr. J.C. Reeve, M.D., LL.D.

I enjoy sharing my books as I do my friends, asking only that you treat them well and see them safely home
Marie Walden



DR. J. C. REEVE

DR. J. C. REEVE, M. D., LL. D.

1826—1920

EDITED BY

CHARLOTTE REEVE CONOVER

DAYTON, OCTOBER, 1921

Greene County Room

THIS LITTLE BOOK
is for the
FOUR OLD CHILDREN,
the
SIX GRANDCHILDREN,
and the
SIX LITTLE GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN,
of the late

DR. J. C. REEVE

In Loving Memory of Whom It is Written
and Printed.

C. R. C. Dayton, October, 1921.

DR. J. C. REEVE, M. D., LL. D.
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DR. REEVE'S WRITINGS

PUBLISHED:

A Translation of Flouren's "Discovery of the Circulation of the Blood."
Review of Wunderlich's "Thermometrie."
Entrance of Women Into the Medical Profession.
Excursions in My Library.
Recollections and Reminiscences.
Experiences in the Self-Administration of Bromide of Ethyl.
Explorations of Henri Bouquet.

PAPERS READ BEFORE THE SATURDAY CLUB:

The Discovery of Surgical Anaesthesia.
Maeterlinck.
The English Language.
Phallic Worship.
Ellen Key.
Pêcheur d' Islande.
Contemporary Views of Napoleon.
A Study of Hysteria.
Queen Christine.
Royal Births.
Marie Tudor.
Victor Hugo.
The Cross and Crucifixion.

(Reprint, With the Kind Permission of the American Cyclopedia of National Biography)

REEVE, JOHN CHARLES; Physician and Surgeon; was born in Mells, Somerset, England, June 5, 1826, son of John and Sarah (Gladwin) Reeve, and came with them to the United States in 1832, settling in Cleveland, Ohio. His father was business manager of a large estate in England. After a meagre attendance in the public schools, the son, at the age of twelve, found employment in the office of the Cleveland *"Advertiser,"* the predecessor of the *"Plain Dealer,"* working for a time as a printer, and employing his evenings in studying German from an old shoemaker who tutored him in return for his performing chores.* French and mathematics he learned by making similar sacrifices. For a year he was teacher in a country school at Kirtland, Ohio. He was graduated at the Cleveland Medical College (now the College of Medicine of the Western Reserve University), in 1853, with the degree of Doctor of Medicine. In 1896 he received the degree of Doctor of Laws, from Western Reserve University for literary contributions to medicine.

Doctor Reeve began the practice of his profession at Mayville, Wis., where payment of fees was often in pork and potatoes, but soon left there to take post-graduate work at King's College Hospital, London, and at the University of Goettingen, Germany. Returning to America he was appointed Professor of Materia Medica in the Medical College of Ohio, at Cincinnati. During the Civil war, Doctor Blackman, the leading surgeon of Cincinnati, took his younger colleague with him on a visit to the battlefields, where he assisted in performing many operations and saw much of rapid surgery. The report of his success brought him flattering offers to remain in Cincinnati, but he preferred to return to Dayton to resume his interrupted practice. Some of his medical and surgical activities and triumphs brought him in a prominent

way before the eyes of the leaders of the profession in America. Dr. A. J. C. Skene, of Brooklyn, called him the best medical reviewer in the country.

As early as 1859 he published a translation of Flouren's "History of the Discovery of the Circulation of the Blood." In 1868 he introduced to the profession the subject of medical thermometry. His contributions to the knowledge of anaesthesia and anaesthetics were little understood at the time. His initial paper on the subject was published in the Journal of American Sciences, also as a monograph. Later a paper from his pen appeared in the "Lancet and Clinic," giving an account of the symptoms and sensations produced by the self-administration of bromide of ethyl. He was an authority on the composition of the "A. C. E. Mixture," an anaesthetic largely used by the profession in earlier days. Honors came to him because of these contributions. He was a founder of the American Gynecological Society, its Vice-President in 1887, honorary fellow in 1897, honorary fellow of the College of Physicians, Philadelphia; past president of the Ohio State Medical Society and its first president emeritus, past president of the Montgomery Medical Society and member of the American Medical Association, second councilor of the District Medical Society. He was organizer of the medical staff of the Hospital of the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis, otherwise St. Elizabeth Hospital, the first hospital in Dayton.

As a physician and surgeon he was far ahead of the general practice of the day. A great reader, Dr. Reeve noted every advance, every experiment, every proved or unproved achievement. The use of chloroform in childbirth was greatly in advance of the profession. In surgery he took great risks and operated under circumstances that now seem impossible. The Smithsonian Institute, in Washington, contains the result of one of these operations in a bullet-embedded leg-bone operated on by him. He removed a long shawl pin from the windpipe of a little girl, the largest obstacle ever taken from the trachea of a human being, the patient still living at Piqua, Ohio. Many men now celebrated in the profession were students in his office. He continued writing even after

he had passed the age of ninety. His latest contributions appeared in the Ohio Archeological Quarterly on "The Explorations of Henri Bouquet," while in the Medical Pickwick he published a series of medico-literary articles entitled, "Excursions in My Library," and "Personal Reminiscences."

Dayton had no more valuable or useful citizens than Doctor Reeve. His pre-eminent characteristic was strength; strength of body to endure and overcome, strength of intellect to know, strength of will to decide, and strength of purpose to act. Circumstances could delay it but in the very nature of such a man eventual success was assured. Obstacles only served to increase it, for he was of the stuff of which pioneers are made.

Professionally, he was a man whose idea of honor and integrity were of the highest. No professional brother ever failed to get from him all the assistance in his power to give and when occasion demanded, his professional service. His writings in the choicest English were singularly forceful and elegant. He was specially felicitous in his book reviews, which were sought because of his fearless, fair and just handling. Of Doctor Reeve's life it may be truly said that he approached closely to fulfilling that dictum of Carlyle, who said, "The true law of culture is let each become all that he was created capable of being."

He was married in Cleveland, June, 1849, to Emma, daughter of John Barlow, a farmer, of Michigan. Mrs. Reeve, who was a teacher, died in 1913. He had four children: Charlotte Elizabeth, wife of Frank Conover; Mary Sherborn, who was married to Robert Dexter; John Charles, Jr., a physician, and Sidney Armor Reeve, a consulting engineer and authority on economics, of New York City. Doctor Reeve died in Dayton, September 15, 1920.

* * * * * * *

Thus, the leading biographical authority of the nation, about my father's service to life—the merest sketch, serving only to emphasize the high-lights of a self-made career.

For the sake of those who come after him there must be more; the little ones of his name should realize, if possible, his

personal attributes and his personal influence. Being the eldest in the family, I knew their grandfather first and longest, so it is fitting that I should recall on paper what I remember best of him during his long life of over ninety-four years.

I have used the term "self-made life." The phrase usually means that the subject of it ended as a millionaire. In this case it was far from the fact, but self-made my father certainly was, in the sense of character, achievement, service to mankind.

Beginning as a "newsie" in Cleveland, in the forties, he progressed through the various careers of printer, clerk in a store (where he was a lamentable failure), country school-master, medical student and graduate, raw practitioner on the western frontier, student in an English hospital and a German university, pioneer surgeon, where angels feared to tread, medical writer and research worker, founder of a national professional organization, president of the Ohio State Medical Society, vice-president and honorary fellow of the Philadelphia College of Physicians, Doctor of Laws from his Alma Mater, the Western Reserve University. This certainly constitutes a self-made life.

From the first he had no one to help him. No one to pay college bills nor any college to pay them to. No one to buy his clothes, to encourage him or to direct his reading. All the inspiration he was to his children in cultivating their love for interesting and beautiful things, he seemed to have come by naturally. The secret of it lay in three special personal endowments: he was a student, he was a worker and he had the gift of foresight. From my earliest remembrance he read unceasingly and he worked unceasingly. He saw in other men's lives the achievement he valued. It followed with certainty that what he wanted to be, he became. It is an open secret and has no mysteries for any human soul.

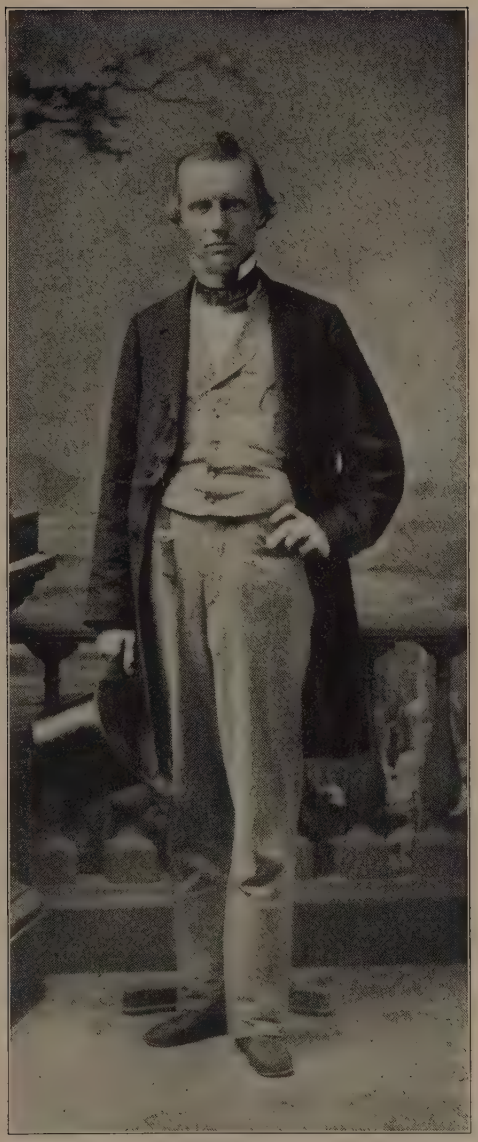
What made him at sixteen, so fired with ambition to learn French that he was willing to make journey after journey up long stairs with armfuls of wood through a whole winter to get a lesson in return? What made him read the British poets and English history at night when he had taught all day and walked

miles from his boarding place to the school-house? What made him study medicine when destiny seemed to point to a career of measuring cloth with a yard stick? We can only reverently guess that within him was some kind angel pointing onward and upward—a gesture which he as reverently followed.

When in 1851, living in a log house in a Wisconsin village, riding his gray pony through the mud woods-roads to see his far scattered patients, it came to him that there was a wider world somewhere and a better place for him in it. Bayard Taylor's "Views Afoot" was, at that time, the latest book of travel. How it fell into my father's hands I do not know, but it filled him with the allure of the old world. He wanted to go to Europe and study. Thibet is closer to us now and more available. I don't suppose the young doctor had any friends who had crossed the ocean, so he wrote (and this is characteristic), to Bayard Taylor himself, asking advice. I saw the reply, once (the letter probably disappeared in the flood) in which this eminent writer kindly explained to the obscure western doctor just how to go and the possible advantages for study.

The result is told in my father's personal reminiscences in the "Medical Pickwick." His seven weeks' voyage, his months of study in London and Germany, his various gains in medical knowledge. He always paid glowing tribute to my mother's part in this effort at self-improvement; my mother, who re-claimed the place she had resigned on her marriage and went again to teaching in the Cleveland public schools, that her husband might go forth and make the best of himself for the sake of his profession.

I remember my father first of all as a *Playmate*. He loved children; his own, his grandchildren and his great-grandchildren found in him the most interesting figure in the family relationship. With little babies he was beautifully tender and loving and one of the sweetest pictures in my mind is of him walking up and down the floor with a little sleepy head dropped down upon his shoulder, until the time came to cover it up in bed. His singing was unknown to any form of musical notation. He was sound-deaf, as some people are color-blind. But the crooning lullaby, teeter-



September, 1856
DOCTOR REEVE AT THIRTY

February, 1920
DOCTOR REEVE AT NINETY-FOUR

ing up and down an uncertain irregular scale, was the most soothing sound we knew as children and put us to sleep in happy oblivion.

With growing children he had a large repertoire of songs from Mother Goose and stories out of his own head; he made rabbits on the wall and mud-turtles with his fingers. The stories went through the list of his own four children, my own four and my brother's two, and lasted until the third generation came along to beg for the old favorites.

I can see him now in the big yard at the corner of Fourth and Ludlow, when Sidney was a baby, Mary a little three-year-old, and Charlie and I getting on toward ten and twelve, romping with us in the newly cut grass, letting us pile it on him and then throwing it off and playing he was a bear in pursuit of us. After a long day driving in his buggy to make his daily rounds he was never too tired to come to my house and see the latest baby in his bath and have a bed-time romp with the older children. It seemed to refresh and make him younger.

I remember my father secondly as a *Teacher*. He was always telling us something interesting about books, or stars or flowers or pictures. I don't know how old I could have been when he one day had a call to Trotwood and asked mother if he might take me. What an adventure that was! He hired a buggy and we took sandwiches, both unheard-of enterprises. After seeing his patient we ate luncheon on the bank of Wolf Creek, to my small imagination a noble stream. Then, thinking the other bank was more attractive than the one we were on, my father rolled up his trousers, took me on his back and waded across. How thrilling it was to be so far up and see the water running over the stones at the bottom! The other bank was better, for there were wild-flowers there and I had never seen any before. They were little white cups with stems that oozed a red juice. Father pulled one up by the roots to show me how it bled. He told me the name of the flower was Sanguinaria Canadensis—"blood-root," that Sanguinaria meant bloody and that it came from Canada. Who but he would have told a six-year-old child the

Latin botanical name of a flower? But it stuck, better than the botany I got in the high school and sticks yet.

On the long country drives I was always taking with him, the hours were beguiled with stories of his own boyhood in England; of books he had read, which he made so interesting that I longed to grow up so I could read them myself; of the reason the bark of trees was thicker and rougher on the north side than the south; of the habits of animals and birds; of why a horse should be given his bridle going up hill and held firm going down. The drive home was often after dark and then, as the sun dropped down and the stars came out, he would tell me of the different constellations and where they were to be found at different seasons of the year. How much real information I imbibed in those days—taking it in merely as father's interesting talk—can never be computed. It might possibly have lacked something, from a technical or scientific point of view, but one thing it did do. It fixed forever my taste as to the great difference between the interesting real things of life and the uninteresting superficial things. It laid the train of investigation for myself. If silly personal gossip has had small attraction for my mature years, it surely is no virtue of my own. I had learned too early how fascinating is the study of the large things of existence.

My father always answered our questions. It makes me ashamed when I remember how tired I sometimes got of my own children's inexhaustible curiosity about everything around them. He never seemed too busy or too tired to tell us the reasons for things we asked. It is surely the great road to a child's heart, an authority at hand to explain the wonderful and mysterious things in the world they are born into. When parents reject this opportunity they are losing chances with the child's future.

I am an old woman now, but the things my father told me and the things he explained to me still keep his memory green. I can never forget them and I never want to. In the open country, by the winter fireside, I am continually confronted with his views, his interpretation, his illustrations, as they come back to me from some suggestive association.

The third way in which I remember my father is in his cultivation of my taste. Again the query, how did he have such unerring taste himself? Of poetry he was passionately fond and his reading of Scott's resonant lines, as we listened to him by the sitting-room fire in the old house, fixed my metrical sense. Of course it was old-fashioned poetry; ("vers libres" being happily a thing of the far future), but the figures, the diction, the lilt of the lines, the poetically inverted syntax, I had already begun to enjoy when I was but a small girl.

The stage was a passion with him and at the earliest possible age I was taken to the theatre as a part of my education. As may be surmised, Dayton was not, at that time, a very fruitful school in which to cultivate a love for the drama. But what we had we made the most of. He took me to see Edwin Forrest in "King Lear," and Booth in "Hamlet" or Othello, in the old Turner's Opera House. What a charm in the painted curtain, the stuffy air and the tuning of the orchestra! We had read the play before we went, that being my father's invariable requirement. I was, therefore, familiar in advance with the parts and the lines. Before the curtain rose he reminded me of the plot and how it was to be carried out. As the emotion of the situation developed it carried me with it because I had been so well prepared. What would a Shakespearean play have meant to a girl of eleven without such careful tutoring? As it was, the magic of it stayed with me indefinitely and I had only to open the book of plays to be carried back and hear in imagination Forrest's impassioned reading of his lines and see again the unfolding of the drama.

With pictures I have the same experience to record. And again the mystery of his own knowledge. On our first trip to Europe he stood with me in the galleries and strove to point out where the artist had rendered his vision of nature. I grant that a modern art critic would smile, for the vision I got from my father lacked entirely the shibboleth of our more sophisticated day. He paid no attention to the patter of the "schools." Indeed, I think he never heard or read it. But if a painter caught the atmospheric effect of a low lying sun beyond a marsh, my father

caught it too. He showed it to me and I caught it. That, at least, is the beginning, if not the end, of art feeling and appreciation. In the lovely curves of a Titian Venus, the dim interior of a Dutch kitchen with an old woman and a weeping boy, the protecting tenderness of a Gabriel Max Madonna, a group of playing children rendered with fidelity to human nature, he saw unerringly the finger of genius and made me see it, too. What if he was sometimes mistaken in his critical estimates? What if he liked a picture that told a story or taught a lesson, in defiance of "Art for Art's sake?" The point was that he was making me *see*. My riper estimates could come later.

That trip to Europe was the realization of the reading and story-telling of all my childish years. We had read Marmion and the Lady of the Lake and we went together over the ground where they were acted and written. He told me the touching story of the princes in the Tower and we stood together at the foot of the fatal stairway where they were buried. We read the story of Marie Antoinette together and together we saw her cell in the Conceirgerie and her play-house at Petit Trianon.

Switzerland was his early tramping ground and it became mine. Zermatt, Val de Chamounix, Rochers des Nayes, the Simplon, were familiar names to me from hearing him tell of walking trips in his young manhood. When I came to them they were already old friends. Just before leaving me for a year in Geneva, in 1875, we walked together over the Col de Balm and it was then, as always, a time of constant instruction, information and inspiration. He was never "booky" or pedantic—just overflowing with interest which he shared with his children as a matter of course.

Of my mother and father both I can record their constant effort to make their children have a good time. It was perhaps a picnic in the woods, a dance in a vacant house, a Hallowe'en play, a trip out of town. If Lottie had been to White Sulphur Springs, Charlie must go to Put-in-Bay. All of us, in turn, had a year in Europe. There were parties in the old house where

mother and father danced quadrilles with the young folks. In this way both parents kept young.

Of my father, professionally, I can speak with knowledge of his uniform sympathy and devotion, if not with appreciation, of the technical side of his craft. From the time when as a little girl I was allowed to sit up after an attack of measles and eat an orange which he prepared for me, to the time when, as wife and mother, I came dimly back from the land of lethal oblivion to hear his voice saying, "Thank you, my dear, for a little new granddaughter," I was sorry for those people who did not arrange to have a doctor for a father. It would have been so queer to have a strange man put a spoon handle down my throat or take my temperature.

If it were earlier in Anno Domini I could bring plenty of G. P.'s as we used to call them (Grateful Patients), to tell of how my father's beautiful sympathy in the sick room did as much for them as his medicine. The late Mrs. Fowler Stoddard, for instance, coming to me as I sat in the buggy at the curb with my baby on my lap, her expressive face lit with smiles while the tears still coursed down her cheeks, as she exclaimed, holding my father's hand, "Oh, he has saved my baby; he has saved by baby!" Or the old friends stricken in Switzerland with that horrible malady, small-pox, and quarantined in strict (and expensive) seclusion, hearing Doctor Reeve was in town, asked that he might come to the garden and sit on a bench there. The patient said that to just look out of the windows at the top of his hat would fill her with hope and comfort. He did better than that, risking contagion while on his homeward journey, to stand by her bedside and consult with the Swiss physician as to treatment.

But so many are gone! They preceded him to the other shore where, if our hopes are true, they will meet and greet him as one who helped them in the hardest hours of their lives, with love as well as with medicine.

My father understood as well as Victor Hugo, "l'Art d'être Grandpère." His grandchildren adored him. And well they might. My housekeeping in those years had to do without my

supervision for a good two hours out of every morning while we drove, my father and I and the at-the-time baby, to make the morning round of visits. Breakfast was hardly over when the high-chair was pushed back, coat, cap and mittens gotten out and put on all crooked by little fingers in the haste to be ready when Kitty and the buggy drove up. Such hurrahing and laughing when he opened the door! Such tossing up to his shoulders! Such telling of important news about family pets. Then we mounted to the high-seated narrow buggy, the baby fixing his fingers ready to point at interesting things along the way. Invariably we went to the Children's Home and St. Elizabeth Hospital, my father being chief of staff of both institutions. The streets of that day were unspeakable; the surface worn into ruts and holes that bounced us until our heads sometimes hit the top of the buggy. Who cared? We were having interesting experiences and cultivating our souls.

Christmas was a high time for the grandchildren, with grandpa to play with them, to show the Christmas tree and to help open the stockings. Sometimes the celebration was in the old home, where Grandma and Grandpa were the same age as the children. One of my family problems was to keep the children from running away down to Grandpa's house. If he failed to come for the morning drive they went after him, if not watched by nurse and mother, risking the street crossings alone to find their playmate who was sure to make them welcome.

My father was exceedingly susceptible to beauty of written language—to an author's prose style. He would come across the house to read a passage to me that he thought admirable and used to call my attention, as a child, to the derivation of words and their exact meaning in a certain connection. Words were tools, to him; he liked to see them used perfectly. His own use of them was masterly. My own style of expression—such as it was—has slackened with the slackening years. His never did. When he was ninety and I sixty I used to go across to his office to find out whether a phrase carried the meaning I wished it to.

In the family at home reading aloud was our constant evening diversion. My father read expressively and impressively. What books we went through together during the long winter evenings! He read Scott and Byron; mother read Dickens and Thackaray. The four of us youngsters had covered any conceivable college entrance requirements in English literature before we were fifteen.

I like to think of my father as a letter writer. All of his children possess, laid away in desk drawers, packets of his letters,—letters from him in Europe to us; letters from him at home to us in Europe; letters full of wonderful descriptions of his travels or full of home news to those away from home. Sympathetic, graphic, vital, he surely possessed to the full that now almost lost art of letter writing.

Some of my father's life-long friends will bear me out in the assertion that his was an essentially religious nature. While never associating himself actively with any church organization, (although the Unitarian church claimed his chief interest), he had the deepest reverence for religious thought. His notes on the Bible, left among his papers, show that he read exhaustively. His paper on the "Cross and Crucifixion" showed deep research into the supreme tragedy of Christ's death. Books on religion, if they were vital and not theological, were of great appeal to him.

My father's life, so well rounded out, came to a serene end on September 15, 1920. To the last his strong mind and clear brain kept their activity. He talked long of absent friends, sending messages to those here and abroad, recalling interesting or amusing experiences in which the daughter and granddaughter watching, had sometimes had a share. Some things in the long past he regretted deeply. That he could not, for some reason, have given an opiate to a dying friend to ease his pain. That the incident was fifty years in the past made no difference; it was an occasion when he wanted to be of help and could not and the remembrance troubled him—a "ghost of things undone," to him who had so little need to be thus haunted.

1913
DR. REEVE; HIS DAUGHTER, CHARLOTTE REEVE CONOVER; HIS GRANDDAUGHTER, CHARLOTTE MARY CONOVER; HIS GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER, ELIZABETH REEVE CONOVER

I can never be sufficiently thankful to my father for having insisted upon thoroughness in our upbringing. He would tolerate no procrastination, no dilitoriness. If a thing was worth beginning it was worth carrying on and carried on it should be. In this respect my mother's word also was law. Our practice hours were never infringed upon by other demands. Eight o'clock saw me upon the music stool there to stay until I had gone over the exercises my teacher had required for the day.

My daily reading of French must be done no matter how much I wiggled or how many girls whistled from outside the gate. And long before I was old enough to reason about it I suddenly knew that if one began a task and *kept at it,* sooner or later the thing was done. I possessed something which I didn't before. Then it always enraged me when people called me "smart." It was not my cleverness which had done it, but my *work.*

The insistence of both parents in regular submission to the duty of the moment so fixed the habit of systematic application that now, when I might reasonably be allowed some laxity I cannot get away from it.

The shrill clamor of small things demanding their right to be done will not let me alone.

THIS LETTER of my father to me, then in California, is included here because it is a part of the history of Dayton and because it shows his graphic expression when he had no thought of literary style.

He and my mother were imprisoned in the old home for the four days of that appalling catastrophe.—C. R. C.

Dayton, Ohio, March 26, 1913—10:15.

DEAR LOTTIE:

I am sitting at the upper window—mother's room—outside a raging torrent pours down Wilkinson street, a mighty river down Third towards west! No human being in sight—no sign of life—silent as the grave. Below piles on piles of wreckage—a fine piano lying in our yard! Fortunately, yesterday, 7 a. m. I had got breakfast at the Arcade—oatmeal and coffee; brought same to mother. The danger whistles had sounded before I was up. I supposed for break of levee. I did not care much—did not think

of possibilities. I banked on great flood of '66, when this lot—house not then built—stood high and dry while all around was overflowed, not even when water came in the yard.

Now it came so fast I had to hustle to get mother to the stairs. Now since six last evening it has fallen nearly four feet and as we passed last night in total darkness (piece of candle two or three inches long), I made an effort to get my lamp from back office. I stripped, got down to last step—*dare not* take the next—so cold. Room so full of floating furniture that I could not have made my way through it to the lamp. I was in to my arm pits. We have a good supply of crackers, a few nuts, a few apples. This a. m. young men on roof on house next west gave us coffee. Mrs. S. J. P. could reach to them and they to us—eggs and shredded wheat. We have no light, no water, no salt for egg, no telephone connection, no cars, no papers, nothing! Yes, we have natural gas and know how to appreciate it; neither one next door has it. I boiled an egg soft for mother—first thing she has kept down; have some hard boiled for my dinner. Mary, we know, is worrying fearfully. We can get no word to her or from her; the front and side of our house is a raging torrent—a sea up to the Callahan Building; two street cars stand in front of the old Winters' house, water just over the tops of their windows. Inside our house the water went over the mantels—you know the rest. All night in the darkness, the crashing and creaking of furnace pipes in the cellar, the banging of furniture floating about below. I could not sleep. Do you wonder? Pitiful to see the horse swimming for their lives—no foothold for them. Four yesterday and now one has just struggled along and been swept down Third street.

3 p. m., five hours; water evidently falling; yesterday at 3 reached the highest—just cleared the globes of electric light—was there when night closed. Now two-thirds of the lamp posts are visible. Still two currents rage and swirl and eddy along—one from North Wilkinson and the other from East Third, joining forces here. They have swept a long section of board fence and placed it right across this corner, so shielding the corner of the house, sending one down West Third, the other down South Wilkinson. But for this I don't think I should be writing this now. I dined on a hard boiled egg and little of the coffee, black, no sugar, no milk, neither attractive nor appetizing. We glory in our fire and—just think what a find! A teakettle full of rain water on the bath room stove, and forgotten. Now we can drink. You have got to get down to bed-rock to appreciate such a find as that! I have lain down a good deal; slept once, but am very

tired. I will sleep better tonight; the noises have all stopped and I can close my eyes with the firm assurance that the house will be standing in the morning. Two men in boat and canoe have passed several times but did not appear anxious to find out if anyone wanted anything. It rains by times, just to make it more cheerful! All is still quiet, desolation and ruin! Your mother is a wonderful woman—not a word of complaint or fear has she uttered, not even one of anxiety.

5 p. m. As if one calamity were not enough! For half an hour I have been watching the flames of a fire, the highest, finest flames I ever saw. A man in canoe says it is east of the Beckel Hotel. Where will it stop? Night is falling. Good night.

Thursday, 9 a. m. Went to bed saddened by beating rain against windows, by glare of light from flames up Third street, by fact that we had lost our comforter—natural gas would burn no more! Had a long, sound, refreshing sleep—wakened by light streaming in; rushed out to look up stream and see the fire blazing up—great tongues of flame; the whole block must be burning up; that was 3:13 a. m. Another good sleep, woke at 6, driving snow—all, everywhere white where snow could rest. Outside all water, but moving sluggishly now. Top of fence just visible, no sign of life, all desolation and ruin. I know the meaning of the words now. The Taylors, next door west of us, called us—did we want anything? Yes, coffee. They made us a pot. By long reaching both sides, we can just get each other. They sent sandwiches, too, which E. cannot eat and I do not want. I had a cup of coffee, then a raw egg beaten up with whiskey and a little water. I have plenty, thanks to J. A. McM. Then next for fire. Got with great difficulty some of the bricks out which block the natural gas; broke up paper boxes and a few thin box tops. Oh, if I had a hatchet or an axe—there are book-shelves plenty. Fuel plenty but my effort to break and pull it apart show me how feeble I am. I just had to lie down. 9:30. Sitting here at the window, saw rapidly coming down Third street a boat, man and woman in stern saluting with hands; window hard to get up; just had time to hear the shout, "Dr. and Mrs. Penfield." He called, "Do you want anything?" I said, "No, not much," and they were gone. Now they live a few squares from Mary. I hope they will give her word. Evidently they were in the doctor's offices down town, imprisoned, and just getting home. Our neighbor, Patterson, is at his office; Mrs. P. shut up here. I have drank a little more hot coffee, but mouth and throat so dry I cannot eat. Next!

11:30. Sky cleared. Sun shining. Can see our yard where recovered by wreckage. Water all out of front room but several

inches of slime and mud prevent my going to foot of stairs. Furniture piled in heaps in front and towards bay window. Went down office stairs; back office not yet clear of water. Think by night I can get the lamp. Boats pass often now. Have brought food for men in Y. M. C. A.

4:45 p. m., Thursday. Things clearing up; skies brighter, sunshine sometimes. Two offers to take us to Dayton View, one by boat from Doctor Henry; next one from Red Cross. Mother refused to go. Men walking on tracks; water just up to ankles, inspecting track, I suppose. We have done well enough for food; the Taylors sent in a big piece of bologna, fresh bread and coffee. Mother can eat nothing, drinks coffee. What we want most is milk for her. At 4 I stripped and went to the lower regions, the office below—there is a shorter word. Got the lamp. Coal oil can gone. Got hatchet, have cut up bed slats and have more, so fuel is provided for. All floor below and everything covered with slime, so sticky can hardly get my feet out of it. Such a sight below. Furniture overturned, piled in heaps. Doctor Huston, in Red Cross, promised to get word to Mary.

Friday. Third night passed; fourth day dawned. My toilet —rub face with wet end of towel. Great disappointment last night. My lamp that I made such a perilous trip to get, would not burn. Could not sleep; thoughts of this, near and remote, on us and others in the city of Dayton, kept me awake hours. This a. m. shows streets and sidewalks clear. Now 11 a. m., have talked with friends in street. A man from next door got in by ladder from roof to window; he has knocked bookshelves up. Doctor Evans has brought from depot a bucket of coal, so we are well off. Mrs. P. has given bouillon cubes; next door evaporated milk; mother will not drink it; she ought not to put solid food in her stomach; throws up everything; drinks the bouillon. I have been down. No imagination can depict the ruin, the wreck; mud, stickly mud, pulls the rubbers off; piano overturned, *everything* upset, wrecked. Sun shining now—glorious. A trip down to get water and I only just got back, dropped on the floor and lay a good while before I could get up.

Friday, third day; evening approaching. I cannot write much today. Have had fire all day and natural gas promised for tomorrow. Wish you could see me. Went with great difficulty to kitchen pump for water, just reaching stairs when narrow board underfoot turned and I went down into slime. You should see my clothes. I am faint, mouth and throat so dry I cannot eat. Streets full of people. Have just had word that Charley (a son), is at Lebanon in hotel. Am told that city is under martial law

and see lots of badges on the streets. But how fine is the sunshine all day. Mother keeps about on her feet. How she lives I cannot imagine; she eats so little and then throws that up.

Saturday, 10 a. m. Soon after I wrote last Robert (son-in-law), came with wagon to take us to Dayton View. I got down stairs but had to be lifted into the wagon. Doctor Henry fortunately came at same time and he carried mother down and over the slimy, slippery steps. We rode, my head lying in one young woman's lap; mother's in another. Water too deep in places for carriage. We got here safely. Oh, the luxury of washing face and neck and of hot milk. Dayton View is a huge relief station. School house headquarters full and more coming. Good organization military, no going about without a pass. Our rescue came none too soon. I feel certain that I could not have got through another night. I have now for memory, the recollection of a great calamity, second perhaps to the Titanic, but to none other.

With love to all, J. C. R.

THE DISCOVERY OF SURGICAL ANAESTHESIA

(By J. C. Reeve)

Read at the Third Street Presbyterian Church, Nov. 10, 1908.
Read at the First Presbyterian Church, March 27, 1909.
Read at the Academy of Medicine, Dec. 10, 1909.
Read at the Saturday Club, Dec. 11, 1909.

There have been three great discoveries in medicine, notably for the inestimable benefits they have conferred. Other great discoveries there have been, such as the discovery of the circulation of the blood. But these three immediately and immensely benefited mankind. These three are vaccination, anaesthesia and aseptic surgery, all three discoveries of comparatively recent times.

Vaccination about the beginning of the nineteenth century, anaesthetics toward the middle, and aseptic surgery since then. The discovery of anaesthesia is of special interest to us, then, because it has been made in our day—in my day, at least, I may say, because of the devious steps by which it was made; because of the radical change it effected in the surgeon's art; because there is not one of you or one near and dear to whom its application may not come at any day—any hour, and finally, because it is one of the marvels of science that a living being can be deprived of sense and motion and kept as if lifeless, while the most painful operations are performed. The discovery of this method truly revolutionized surgery; it has since been again revolutionized by aseptic measures; so it has been given to an individual still living, to see the art of surgery twice so entirely and radically changed that the word "revolutionized" alone expresses it.

To give a full and complete history of any one of the discoveries is impossible within the limits of time at command, but I hope to present to you a sketch of the history of one of them sufficient for non-professionals and satisfactory to those who would have a knowledge of one of the world's great advances.

To appreciate it you must go back to the times when for an operation the patient had to be held by strong arms; when every step of the proceedure was accompanied by shrieks of agony.

And the surgery of the past even without anaesthesia was not that of today. Until Ambrose Parè, about 1572, discovered the art of tying arteries divided in amputation, the only way to check bleeding was by searing the raw surface with a red-hot iron and swabbing it with boiling pitch.

To alleviate the pain of surgery has been a constant effort through the ages, attested to on the pages of surgical writings and on those of secular history. The measures resorted to but very imperfectly effected their design. They consisted of the administration of infusions of narcotic or intoxicating herbs, such as Indian Hemp, Beladonna or Poppy. There was one which had especial reputation. This was mandragora, or the mandrake. One of the most ancient writers says: "If any one is to have a limb mutilated, burnt or sawn, he may drink half an ounce of mandragora with wine and while he sleeps the member may be cut off without pain or sense."

Were this true, the history of surgical anaesthesia would be short indeed.

In the Talmud it is written: "If a man is led forth to death he is given a cup of spiced wine to drink, whereby his soul is wrapped in night." And again: "Give a stupefying drink to him that loseth his life." But there is an instance which comes nearer home to all of us. To Jesus Christ, just before His crucifixion, was offered a drink, undoubtedly for the purpose of lessening His suffering. Mark says it was wine mixed with myrrh. Matthew says vinegar with gall.

Thus through all the history of surgery there is evidence of the efforts to alleviate the pain attending operations, until we come down to 1840, when Velpeau, then the leading surgeon of the world, published his work on surgery, in which he said: "The abolition of the pain of surgical operations is a chimera to be no longer pursued." And at that time it stood on the very threshold!

The first moving of the waters toward discovery took place during the later decades of the eighteenth century. There was then made a wonderful advance in chemistry, the handmaid of

medicine. The advance was the discovery of gases and that many bodies held to be elements were compounds. Until 1776 fire, air and water were held to be elements—no one dreamed that the latter was formed by a union of two gases. In 1776 Priestly discovered oxygen. This was the Priestly whose house was mobbed and burned and he compelled to fly because he was a Unitarian. Soon afterward he discovered carbonic acid gas and the method of charging water with it; in 1790 he discovered nitrous oxyd gas. These discoveries not only revolutionized ideas as to the constitution of bodies but they excited intense interest in medical men, and the greatest expectations were cherished by them as to the value of these gases in the treatment of disease and numerous and varied trials of them were made.

A Doctor Beddoes established at Bristol an institution for the sole treatment of diseases by gases. Sir Humphry Davy was in charge of it. One day, suffering from toothache, he inhaled nitrous oxyd and found that it entirely relieved the pain. So in a volume entitled, "Researches," published in 1800, he wrote: "As nitrous oxyd seems capable of destroying physical pain it may probably be used with advantage during surgical operations in which no great effusion of blood takes place." Memorable words! Words which foreshadow one of the greatest boons to humanity, but which was not to be fully realized for nearly half a century.

From the date given—1800—there was no suggestion of the use of an anaesthetic for surgical purposes for about forty years. Physicians gave sometimes inhalations of ether for the relief of asthma, in a few cases to soothe the suffering attending the last stages of consumption. But the custom had sprung up, among the laity even, of giving nitrous oxyd for amusement. It was called "laughing gas," and the amusement consisted in witnessing the antics of those under its exhilarating influence. I remember very well attending, when a boy, one of these exhibitions.

The chief events during this period of forty years were the discovery, by the chemist, Faraday, that the effects of the inhalation of the vapors of ether were similar to those produced by

nitrous oxyd, and the frequent resort to this vapor for amusement instead of the gas; also, during this period, frequent observations are recorded of the important fact that persons who had hurt themselves by falling, while under the influence of these vapors, suffered no pain. No practical result came from these observations until December, 1844, when, at a lecture given in the city of Hartford, by Doctor Colton, a man under the influence of the gas, wounded himself quite severely by falling against the benches, and only became aware of the fact when he saw the blood. This fact powerfully impressed Horace Wells, a dentist, who was present, and who had been very active in the study of means to alleviate the pain of dental operations. Wells determined to test the anaesthetic effect of the gas upon himself. He engaged the lecturer to come to his house the next day, when he would have an upper molar extracted, and this is what occurred as related by Doctor Riggs, the operator:

"Doctor Wells took a seat in the operating chair. He took a bag of gas and sat with it in his lap; he then breathed the gas until he was much affected by it; his head dropped back, and I extracted the tooth. His mouth still remained open some time. I held up the tooth with the instrument that others might see it. Doctor Wells soon recovered from the influence of the gas so as to know what he was about, and said, 'A new era in tooth-pulling.' He said the extraction did not hurt him at all, and we were much elated, and talked about it for an hour."

Truly was it a new era—not only in tooth-drawing, and it was the first in the anaesthesia of surgery, and nitrous oxyd was the first anaesthetic.

Thus was the dawn of man's dominion over pain, so long sought in vain. Alas! it was only the dawn—the next succeeding steps are among the saddest in history. Wells, having extracted several more teeth successfully, went to Boston to make his discovery known to the medical profession. He wanted to give the gas for a major operation, but no case occurring. He was asked by Doctor Warren, the senior surgeon of the Massachusetts General Hospital to address the students on the subject, and

afterwards to administer the gas and extract a tooth. In this he was assisted by Doctor Morton, a dentist who had been his pupil and afterwards his partner. This time the attempt was not successful, for some reason; the patient suffered severely, the affair was denounced as a humbug, and Wells was hissed out of the room by a lot of thoughtless students.

Well's future career was as sad as it was short. His failure and his failure afterwards to establish his claim to priority of discovery together with the supersedence of nitrous oxyd by ether unsettled his mind. In January, 1848, in New York City, he opened an artery and ended his life. Although then the gas had not been administered for a major operation, its power to abolish pain had been established. The city of Hartford has erected a bronze monument to his memory as the discoverer of anaesthesia.

The action of nitrous oxyd is exceedingly brief, so that it is adapted to but few operations other than extraction of teeth. We now come to the discovery of an agent under the influence of which the most prolonged operations can be performed, an agent which is in use everywhere today and which will probably never be superseded. This is the vapor of ether, mention of which has already been made. Dr. W. T. G. Norton had assisted Wells in his unfortunate attempt; he had been his partner, was familiar with all that had been done and was busily engaged in trying to find some agent more suitable and more reliable than nitrous oxyd.

After many trials and many failures it was suggested to him by Dr. Charles T. Jackson, a chemist, of Boston, whose pupil Morton had been, that he should try the inhalation of the vapor of ether. Both these men, in the contest that followed, claim to have first inhaled this vapor to unconsciousness, but neither had any witness to establish the fact.

But an opportunity soon occurred for Morton to extract a tooth under ether. It was an exciting scene. Under complete unconsciousness a firmly planted tooth was readily extracted, but then the patient failed to come out promptly from the influence of the gas. What is now not unusual and would not give a moment's anxiety was then a horror. But a glass of water dashed

June, 1899
DOCTOR REEVE AND HIS GRANDDAUGHTERS, MARGARET AND LOUISE REEVE
He Understood, as Well as Victor Hugo, "l'Art d'être Grandpère."

in the patient's face roused the man; he knew nothing of what had been done. The result was all that could have been hoped.

Morton next appealed to Doctor Warren, chief surgeon of the Massachusetts General Hospital, for permission to test his agent on a patient about to undergo an operation. On the 16th of October, 1846, this was granted. The operation was the removal of a tumor from the neck of a young man. It occupied about five minutes and the patient did not utter a sound. The interest and excitement among the medical men who had gathered to witness the operation was very great. Doctor Warren exclaimed, "Gentlemen, this is no humbug." Doctor Bigelow said later in the day to a friend, "I have seen something today that will go around the world." And go around the world it did with a rapidity surprising, considering the rate of transmission of news in those days.

On the 21st of December a thigh was amputated in London with a success that was most impressive. The great surgeon, Robert Liston, could hardly speak for emotion and the method was everywhere adopted.

Soon after the first successful operation at a meeting of medical men in Boston, the subject of an appropriate name for the new procedure was debated. Morton had called the liquid "letheon," without revealing its nature. Oliver Wendell Holmes proposed a name composed of a Greek word signifying sensation, prefixed by "a" or "an," thus "want of sensation" and to Holmes we owe the word anaesthesia and anaesthetics.

In accordance with the just demands of history, I must now go back to a period which antedates the remarkable 16th of October, 1846, and state what was done by another man who claimed to be the discoverer of surgical anaesthesia—one who certainly was in one sense its discoverer.

In a small country town of Georgia there was a medical man named Crawford W. Long, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. The custom had become a common one in that section among the young people, to resort to the inhalation of the fumes of ether to furnish amusement. The same observations

had been made as elsewhere, the absence of pain. These facts attracted Doctor Long's attention. He saw the practical value and determined to test it. In March, 1842, he did so by removing without pain, a small encysted tumor from the neck of a man named Venable. He performed several other minor operations within the next two or three years.

Thus we see Long antedated Wells two years and eight months and Morton four years and six months. The facts are supported by entries in the doctor's ledger, by the testimony of two medical men, Long's students who were present at the operations, and by the affidavit of Venable himself. Why then is Doctor Long not considered to be the discoverer of anaesthesia? It depends largely upon the definition of the word discoverer. Nothing was heard of the proceedure of Doctor Long's until several years afterwards. He lived in a small isolated town, information was not spread then as now; he never published his experience. So far as the profession and the result to humanity are concerned the result of the operations may as well never have been attained. Here is one of the mocking ironies of history.

The discovery of anaesthesia is, like most things human, clouded by blemishes. Morton and Jackson attempted to patent their discovery under the name of "letheon." If the medical profession cannot claim the honor of this glorious discovery it has escaped this stain of commercialism, this procedure so contrary to that fundamental maxim of its ethics, that any discovery made shall be given freely to the whole profession for the benefit of humanity. Then Morton and Jackson quarrelled, each claiming priority of discovery, both appealed to the French Institute and a bitter pamphlet war waged.

In 1853 Morton petitioned Congress for pecuniary reward for the discovery, $100,000. This brought protest from Jackson and his friends with a counter claim. This brought Long into the field claiming the discovery for himself and Wells' claims were urged to set off the others. The fight was bitter, disgraceful as persistent. And what is the

"Last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful history?"

You know how Wells' sad career terminated. Jackson, too, became insane and died in an asylum in 1880. Morton spent his life in efforts to obtain recognition and died bankrupt and broken-hearted in 1868, before he had completed his forty-ninth year. Long was a victim of the Civil war, which swept away everything he had and he died in poverty. Sad fate of four men, who individually or collectively, gave one of the most precious boons to suffering humanity.

As to the relative need of praise to be awarded each for the discovery, it seems to me that while all deserve praise, there can be no difference of opinion upon one point, that Wells was the discoverer of anaesthesia. He was the pioneer. He first established the fact that we possessed an agent by which pain could be abolished at will. That the agent he used was too brief in its action for general surgical use, does not effect the principle. As to the other controversy, it seems plain that to Morton belongs the greater need of praise. He was the active promoter. He sought subjects to submit to its influence. He took it himself. He administered it first. There is no doubt again that Jackson suggested to Morton the use of ether after he had been disappointed in the action of several agents. But the fear of danger restrained Jackson from its use; this is evident. Jackson, with his chemical knowledge was the indicator; Morton, with his practical mind and his practical mind had the courage to act.

At your next visit to Boston you will see in the Public Garden a mute witness to the difficulty of deciding this question. It is a monument erected by the medical profession of Boston and it bears no name. Here are its inscriptions:

On one side:

"THIS ALSO COMETH FORTH FROM THE LORD OF HOSTS WHICH IS WONDERFUL IN COUNSEL AND EXCELLENT IN WORKING."

On another side:

"NEITHER SHALL THERE BE ANY MORE PAIN."

On another side:

"TO COMMEMORATE THE DISCOVERY THAT THE INHALING OF ETHER CAUSES INSENSIBILITY TO PAIN, FIRST PROVED TO THE WORLD AT THE MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL HOSPITAL IN BOSTON, OCTOBER, A. D., MDCCCXLVI."

On another side one will find that it was erected by THOMAS LEE, a citizen of Boston, in the year 1867.

Thus far every practical step of this beneficient progress has been made in America by Americans. Surgical anaesthesia is one of the great achievements for which the world is indebted to our country and this is a fact in which every citizen may feel a just pride.

In continuing the history to the discovery of chloroform we must cross the ocean to Edinburgh. Numerous disadvantages were soon found attending the administration of ether, most of them dependent upon a poorly manufactured article or upon unskilled administration. There had also been two or three deaths under ether. These facts occasioned a search for other agents which would cause insensibility to pain. Earnest and persistent among the searchers was Sir James Simpson, a surgeon of Edinburgh. He tried many articles without success, when again a chemist comes on the scene. A Doctor Waldie, of Liverpool, suggested to him a trial of chloroform. This liquid had been known as long previous as 1820, a solution of it in alcohol had been used in medicine to a limited extent under the name of chloric ether.

Doctor Simpson immediately began trying it together with some volunteer friends. They poured the liquid on scraps of paper placed in a tumbler and inhaled the vapor. Doctor Simpson and Doctors Duncan and Keith took it the first time simultaneously. For a time all was quiet, then came a crash and all three were lying under the table and among the friends present there was wild confusion and alarm. Simpson's first words on regaining consciousness were: "This is far stronger and better than ether."

The next step was to test the new discovery by giving it for an operation. Now here occurred one of those extraordinary

and mysterious events which some people account for by attributing them to fate and others to Providence. An operation was chosen, the hour was fixed. Doctor Simpson, who was to administer the anaesthetic, was unexpectedly detained; no chloroform was given; the patient died at the first incision of the knife! I have somewhere seen a little book entitled, "Historical Ifs"—speculating upon what would or would not have happened if notable historical events had not proceded. It would seem easy to say what would have followed in the history of chloroform had it been administered in this case.

In a few days another appointment was made and on the 15th of November, 1847, chloroform was used for the first time; three cases were successfully operated on, the value of this agent was established and its use rapidly spread over the world, displacing ether almost everywhere.

I have said that the discovery of anaesthesia revolutionized surgery. It is easy to explain. Dexterity, rapidity of operation was no longer the one essential qualification of the surgeon. He could take his time. The number of men, then, who undertook surgery was greatly multiplied, although it cannot always be said that this was an unmixed blessing!

By anaesthesia the field of operative work was wonderfully widened, the removal of internal tumors for instance, was performed but a few times before the days of anaesthesia. The treatment of gun shot wounds of the abdomen is a notable example. Formerly all penetrating wounds of the abdomen were universally fatal; the surgeons' mission was limited to giving opiates to ease the pain and then to watch the patient die. It was not until Mr. Vallandigham's case in 1868, that the subject of active treatment of gun shot wounds of the abdomen was brought home to me. The accident was in all the New York morning papers and the eminent surgeon, Dr. Marion Sims, telegraphed me to open the abdomen and do what I could. Doctor Sims was then making a vigorous fight in medical journlas and in medical societies for active treatment in these cases, a treatment which was not then countenanced by standard text-books on surgery.

THE OLD HOME—SOUTHWEST CORNER THIRD AND WILKINSON

Mr. Vallandigham had passed away before I received the message, but in the circumstances in which he was placed, there would not have been a shadow of a chance of success. Today there would be every probability of saving his life. Anaesthesia did not alone effect the improved treatment of these cases; the honors must be divided with aseptic surgery.

But if anaesthesia has revolutionized surgery for the surgeon, what has it done for the patient? I will not attempt to picture the physical pain of an operation, nor will I dilate upon the sufferings of little children and of women, with their more delicate nervous organization. I leave that to your imagination. But there is one feature which may not occur to you—the physical suffering of the operation you may realize, the consuming, the horrible dread that takes hold of one for whom the hour of an operation is fixed, that may entirely escape you. Victor Hugo has written a book, a most moving picture of the last hours of a condemned man, and graphically portrays his agony as the clock marked off the passing time. That was written as a plea against capital punishment; that was imagination; but I can give you the actual feelings of one who had to suffer an amputation without an anaesthetic, and as the writer was a literary man of no mean repute—the genial Christopher North—author of the Noctes Ambrosiana—I will read it to you:

"The week so slow, and yet so swift in its passage, at length came to an end, and the morning of the operation arrived. * * * Before the days of anaesthetics, a patient preparing for an operation was like a condemned criminal preparing for execution. He counted the days until the appointed day came. He counted the hours until the appointed hour came. He listened for the echo on the street of the surgeon's carriage. He watched for his pull at the door bell; for his foot on the stairs; for his step in the room; for the production of his dreaded instruments; for his few grave words, and his last preparations before beginning. And then he surrendered his liberty, and, revolting at the necessity, submitted to be held or bound, and helplessly gave himself up to the cruel knife. The operation was a more tedious one than some which involve much greater mutilation. It necessitated cruel cutting through inflamed and morbidly sensitive parts, and could not

be dispatched by a few swift strokes of the knife. I do not suppose that it was more painful than the majority of severe surgical operations are, but I am not, I believe, mistaken in thinking that it was not less painful, and that is all I wish to contend for. Of the agony it occasioned I will say nothing. Suffering so great as I underwent cannot be expressed in words, and thus fortunately can not be recalled. The particular pangs are now forgotten; but the black whirlwind of emotion, the horror of great darkness, and the sense of desertion by God and man, bordering close upon despair, which swept through my mind and overwhelmed my heart, I can never forget, however gladly I would do so. During the operation, in spite of the pain it occasioned, my senses were preternaturally acute, as I have been told they are in patients under such circumstances. I watched all the surgeons did with a fascinated intensity. I still recall with unwelcome vividness the spreading out of the instruments, the twisting of the tourniquet, the first incision, the fingering of the sawed bone, the sponge pressed on the flap, the tying of the blood-vessels, the stitching of the skin, and the bloody dismembered limb lying on the floor.

"These are not pleasant remembrances. For a long time they haunted me and even now they are easily resuscitated, and though they cannot bring back the suffering attending the events which gave them a place in my memory, they can occasion a suffering of their own and be the cause of a disquiet which favors neither mental nor bodily health. From memories of this kind those subjects of operation who receive chloroform are, of course, free, and could I, even now by some Letheon draught, erase the remembrance I speak of, I would drink it, for they are easily brought back and they are never welcome."

I will now pass for a moment beyond the lines of surgical anaesthesia and into the domain of obstetrics, because without consideration of this portion of the subject, the history of anaesthesia would not be complete. To relieve the pain of child-birth seemed to progressive minds in the profession as legitimate as to relieve that of surgical operations. The proposition was not to produce insensibility during the whole process, as is done during the whole of a surgical operation. That could not be. But cases differ and parts of the process of child-birth are often excessively painful. To alleviate suffering then seemed not only desirable

but often a duty. This proposition met at once with strenuous and determined opposition from the laity and in some degree from the profession. You will be surprised to learn that this opposition was based entirely on scriptural grounds. The sentence pronounced on Eve, that in sorrow she should bring forth, was a decree of God and to abrogate it was impious—even mortal sin. An account of the contest which ensued is interesting reading now, and would be amusing were the subject not so serious. The fight for anaesthesia was fought by Sir James Simpson and fought to a finish. By scholarship he showed in how many places in the Bible the word translated in Genesis "sorrow," is rendered "labor" or "effort." By analogy he showed the weakness of the position of his opponents—pointing out the numerous instances in which we interfere with processes which may equally be claimed to be directly from God.

Finally he reached the climax in bringing forward the history of winnowing machines in Scotland. Formerly the grain was only freed from chaff by tossing it in the air when the wind was blowing. To raise a wind, then, when God did not grant one, was mortal sin—it was called the devil's wind, and from the records of Scotch churches Sir James Simpson showed that church members had been disciplined by forbidding them to come to the communion table for havinig used these machines for freeing the grain of chaff.

Resort to an anaesthetic for amelioration of the pain of childbirth may be said not to have been established until after Queen Victoria, in 1853, accepted it at the birth of her third child. But even then medical conservatism was active; the leading medical journal of the world severely censured the attendants of the queen for restorting to anaesthesia merely for relief of pain. This act of Queen Victoria's, so little known and of course never commented upon, is, to me, one of the most glorious occurrences of her glorious reign. The woman was more than the queen. Like Columbus, she ventured out upon an unknown sea, and her influence and example settled the fate of obstetrical anaesthesia.

But the fight for the procedure and the victory were won

in Edinburgh and it was meet that it should be. Three hundred years before a poor woman was burnt at the stake in that city for having used charms and other measures to alleviate the pains of child-birth.

From the Dayton Daily News, September 17, 1921.

DR. REEVE—THE FRIEND.

Doctor Reeve is dead. It is hard to believe, and yet we who have seen the bent figure slowly pacing up and down in the sunshine of Wilkinson street, or the white head bent in studious application at his office window, have seen for months the beckoning finger of death.

I would hesitate to write the following did I not know that in so doing I voice the experience and feeling of many to whom he was a friend. His cordial welcome and genial hospitality, and that of his family, made Dayton a home to the stranger. Out of the misty past, yet a daily memory, I glimpse the brown head of one beloved and the gray one of the cherished friend across the way, bent in professional consultation, or I hear the echo of merry laughter, as the old boy and the young exchanged the mirth-provoking experiences in their daily work—for each had a rich fund of humor. Through the years of anxious care of a growing family Dr. Reeve was physician, counsellor, friend. Then when the big adventure came to the younger man, his was one of the strong arms that helped those left behind to walk bravely through the Valley of the Shadow.

In the long years that have elapsed, at no time has the friendly interest waned. Each Christmas brought its loving message of cheer and good will. In these last years of his declining health this brave old man has never permitted his infirmity to be a weight upon his friends. Who does not remember his cheerful quip when commiserated upon his increasing weakness? "Oh, yes, I'm dying from the feet. I'm glad it did not begin at the other end."

And now you are gone, dear old Doctor Reeve. The world is the poorer for your taking off, and me, the richer for having been permitted to call you friend. POYNTZ A. NEGLEY.

THE UNBROKEN VASE

Your vase has borne against the buffetings
Of ninety years and three. The eager mold
Of youth was ever quick to take and hold,
Deep impress from the higher god that sings
And builds for men. And this high gift met springs
Of your initiate and wrought out bold
Relief and form,—a cherished vase now old
With inspiration of life's blessed things.

All human molds must break but when your days
Run out beyond the century, no one among
Us here will lose the friend that disappears;
For you, Communicator to the vase—
Afar will have a substitute for tongue
And we, your friends, a substitute for ears.

Written on his ninety-third birthday by his friend,
ANNE O'HARE MCCORMICK.

From the Dayton Journal, September 18, 1921.

AN APPRECIATION OF DR. REEVE.

Editor of The Journal:

Dear Sir—Much has been said and fitly, in your paper, both before and after his death, about the late Dr. J. C. Reeve. It remains for a friend of the family to add such words as could only be written by one who knew him for a life time and in his home.

First, even more emphasis should be placed on that simplicity of character and singleness of aim which, in a material age and money-getting city, made him care nothing for the dollar in itself. He might have accumulated a fortune, but he decided early in his career to spend what he made as he went along in the thorough education and rational pleasures of his children, saving for old age only a modest competence. His own rooms for many years have been as bare and plain as the famous study and bedroom of Goethe at Weimar. While in active practice, Dr. Reeve had a buggy and horse that practically drove itself; and

ON HIS NINETIETH BIRTHDAY, JUNE 5, 1916

since then no vehicle whatever. The costly and dangerous automobile did not tempt him.

Few people knew of the tender side of his nature. Even to his patients his manner was often short and his face stern. But I once saw him unable to eat his dinner, because of the suffering of a child from whom he had just come. She was a little girl whose foot had been cruelly torn in a mowing machine. It was the practice of the time to amputate in such cases. But Dr. Reeve saved the foot; and today the child, grown to womanhood, is living in Oakwood and walking about on two sound feet, with no apparent lameness.

Once again I saw him when he was called, as a last resort, to an infant who was slowly starving. He said it was too late—he could do nothing. But he took the wan little creature, a stranger to him, in his arms, with a never-to-be-forgotten gentleness and sympathy, and made what suggestions he could for its comfort before the end.

Once more I saw Dr. Reeve when he had come to fetch a small granddaughter from a neighbor's house. She ran to meet him and in outstretched arms he took her up, with a transfigured look that startled even me, who knew him so well.

He was a father, grandfather, great-grandfather beyond compare, absolutely unselfish, generous, interested, thoughtful down to the last detail of the possible-to-be-done.

Rest to the worn and weary frame! For the freed spirit, what joy in wider fields of knowledge and service!

LEILA ADA THOMAS.